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at the "Penny" Strand.—Saturday, April 16, 1864.

John Dick 313 Strand
PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 45.—VOL. 1. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



GARIBALDI AND HIS TWO SONS, MENOTTI AND RICCIOTTI, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE. (See page 706.)

GARIBALDI IN ENGLAND.

these had presented their addresses and files in general. With such exceptions, the great part of the building was left open to spectators and

GARIBALDI IN ENGLAND.

At eight o'clock, General Garibaldi left Mr. Plymott's private carriage, on a visit to the Barclay and Perkins at Bankside. The general received by the members of the firm, and a considerable number of the extensive premises; the various products of brewing being explained to him who speaks Italian fluently. The general appeared astonished at the vast extent of the works after inspecting the warehouses and cellars, the stables, which are of great extent, and a hundred horses are accommodated. A named "Baby," standing about eighteen inches high, much admired by the general, and at the master of the stables, and amidst the cheers of whom there are thirty, he christened the "Baby," by which name it will henceforth be known. Then conducted to one of the large warehouses, tastefully fitted up for the occasion, and around tables in which the whole of the workmen were the centre was a large hoghead, on the top of which stood a barrel of stout. The cheering of the general was of the most enthusiastic again and again repeated. A tankard of stout was then presented to the general by the health of the firm. He said he had read with great delight some of the English newspapers, and that he was well acquainted with the workmen of the firm. He thought their conduct on that occasion worthy of freedom. (Loud cheers.) He was proud to be amongst working men. (Cheers.) Mr. Plymott then presented the general with a bottle of stout, which was drunk with him. The general then went round the yards of the firm, which were filled with the wives and children of the workmen, and some difficulty in getting along from the press to obtain the gratification of shaking his hand. He was accompanied by all who could get near him, speaking several kind words to the children. After an hour the general and his attendants left, having been escorted to the carriage by the firm. The general, private one, few, except those connected with the firm, of the intended honours, there were not many about the brewery on his arrival. He had not, however, before the news spread round the neighbourhood, by whom he was enthusiastically received. There were constables only on duty.

GARIBALDI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Garibaldi visited the Crystal Palace, in order to see and word from the Italians in England. Shortly after 10 o'clock, the general, who had crowded, or climbed the Handel Orchestra and surrounding orchestra were properly marshalled and placed by Mr. a remarkable faculty for managing such vast irreverent cheer coming up from the northern wing and general and his friends were approaching. There regularly affecting in the march of a great cheer. faintly in the distance, but even then you can tell on the throats of thousands of people. Gradually and nearer, until it comes out in full burst like a sea on every one rises, cheers in response, and rushes in the sound. The cheer from the north end of the Crystal Palace, the whole of the central company to their legs, made to the tropical regions. Flying past Egyptian obelisks, not back on marvels of Greek or Roman art, rushing golden flags of the Alhambra court, or tumbling coloured knick-knackery of the Renaissance, the company on in the direction of the cheer, and on in the gloomy Byzantine temple, they suddenly air of the tropics, and found themselves all up by a sight which those who witnessed it will never forget. At the foot of the mammoth tree, in a sort of looked like a chapel, the apostle of liberty stood before an audience of his countrymen, who, here and there, are driven positively frantic with enthusiasm. He is simple, but manly and picturesque, costume grey; over his head were held large banners of the firm, and the descending folds of the latter formed a frame for the living picture of which the Liberator and central figure. Midway down the staircase over a single Italian working man, and the absorbed enthusiasm with which this poor fellow gazed at the chosen chief was by no means the least interesting proceedings of this remarkable meeting. Those who heard the general merely utter a few monosyllables, perfectly astonished at the musical flow of his own speaking in his native tongue, about his native land, and in real human feeling, to the solemnity of Garibaldi, uttered under the mammoth tree on. He stood, spoke, and gesticulated like an inspired man, the surrounding multitude listened, cheered, sobbed, and tri-coloured banners with an emotion which forgot the man and his noble words. The following resume will convey a sufficient idea of the orator's meaning, but impossible to preserve the effect produced by his words, in his own noble language, on an audience of his countrymen.

On (he said), Italian fellow-countrymen for the man you have received me. You share with me, I know, gratitude to the noble and glorious English nation for what they have given to us, and the magnificent manner they have received me. (Cheers.) England has helped me as well as in good times. The English people in our war with Southern Italy, and even now the hospitals are supplied from the abundance sent to us from England. I speak from what I know, that the Queen and the of England, represented by Lord Palmerston—(great and Russell and Mr. Gladstone, have done wonders for Italy. (Cheers.) If it had not been for this country, I should have been under the yoke of the Bourbons at Naples. I have been for the English Government I should never have been to pass the Straits of Messina. (Cheers.) Countrymen at Naples would have been prevented, if possible, from going to see the English people. I have seen since I have been in this country a great deal—more, perhaps than you have seen one great thing—half a million of people by a dozen policemen—plain, simple policemen—and

when I speak of English policemen I take off my hat (saluting the action to the word). For there are no gendarmes, no mouchards in this country. They cannot live in its free air. (Cheers.) Do you know how this great fact is brought about? I will tell you. It is because the English people love their Queen. The English people, be proceeded to say, "have a respect for the laws, which they know are good and just, and they love their free and glorious nation. The English people have not only pity and sympathy for others; they have something here (placing his hand upon his heart). Let the conduct of Englishmen be a lesson to us. Let us imitate them, and admire their noble and splendid institutions, and their inalienable love of liberty. (Cheers.) England is envied by every country. Although she has got what we all know to be the bravest army in the world, she also has 150,000 citizens, called volunteers, and if ever the occasion should arise, if ever this country should be invaded, the volunteers would have the support of millions of brave and gallant men. On supposing—but this is unlikely—that their united strength should not be sufficient to resist the invader, then, if our poor feeble efforts, our arms and our lives, could be of any service, we should always be ready to come and assist them, as they have helped us." (Great cheering.)

When the general named the Queen ("the dear Queen"—"Carla Regina") the enthusiasm of his auditors was most marked, and himself was not a little moved as he thought of our happy country and our still mourning Sovereign. He was now conducted to luncheon, which Mr. Strange had, at the expense of the Italian Committee, served in the room of the School of Art, which did great credit to the caterer.

After luncheon the general was conducted in an invalid's chair along the gallery, where he lingered, admiring the luxuriance of the equatorial foliage, here maintained almost as perfectly as within the lines of a conservatory. But when he had seen something of the beauties of the building—and it is a thousand pities that he did not see more of the pleasant things of Fenge Palace—and was wheeled towards the box erected for his accommodation, the cheering began and continued in wonderful bursts for five or six minutes, when four young Italian ladies presented with a bouquet, which he kindly acknowledged, and when Mr. H. Negretti handed the general to the chair appointed for him, whence he, evidently moved, acknowledged the plaudits of the many thousands who, whether in sight or out of sight, raised their voices in one glorious welcome, worthy of England and worthy of its object. Long before the cheering had subsided the band struck up the Garibaldian Hymn, and most curiously did the joyous strains sound amid the warm greetings of the multitude.

The concert was almost entirely a national affair. Every piece in the programme was of Italian origin, the singers were all Italian—at least, from one or other of the Italian operas—and the conductor also was Italian. On the lower platform of the grand orchestra were congregated round the chair of Signor Ardi, the conductor, the following singers from the Italian operas:—Mdlles. Vitelli, Bettelheim, Rossi, and Frick; Signors Mario, Giuglini, Graziani, Neri-Baldini, Gasparoni, and Mr. Santley. There was a complete and efficient, if not very large, orchestra and chorus.

On the platform were seated the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, the Lady Constance Grosvenor, the Marquis of Lorn, Sir Joseph Paxton, and some other fashionable and distinguished personages.

The Italian committee now began their presentations to the general; and Signor Sereno, the secretary, stepping forward, said,—

"Accept, O general, this sword, which the Italians resident in London present to you as a mark of their admiration, and in memory of the reception given to you by noble and free England. May this sword, handed to you in a temple of peace by an exile of Venice, be destined to assist in the accomplishment of the independence of our beloved Italy."

Garibaldi, taking the exquisite weapon replied—
"I thank you, Italians, for this beautiful present. I promise you I will never unsheath it in the cause of tyrants, and will draw it only in support of oppressed nationalities. I hope yet to carry it with me to Rome and to Venice." (Great cheering.)

The Italian Committee next presented their address, which was read by Signor Rosini.

The Italian Committee then offered the general a picture called "The Italian Cockade," representing a beautiful girl holding a bouquet of red and white flowers, surrounded with green leaves.

Garibaldi thanked the deputation for the picture, and assured them that he would cherish it as a most interesting record of his visit to England.

Signor Sereno next presented Menotti with the sword, saying, in doing so—

"Accept, Menotti, this sword, given to you by the Italians of London, and use it as you have commenced, fighting by the side of your father, as a worthy son of Garibaldi."

The general was then conducted to the balcony on the south overlooking the gardens and the exquisite prospect beyond, to see the fountains play.

Garibaldi returned, in the order of his arrival, through Dulwich and Brixton, and over Westminster-bridge to the Admiralty, where the general called upon the Duke of Somerset, who was unfortunately absent. The general reached Stafford House at half-past five o'clock, without exhibiting any signs of fatigue. It had been raining almost throughout his journey to the Palace, but the general refused to have the carriage closed, and enjoyed his cigar the whole way.

At a quarter to eight o'clock Garibaldi, accompanied by his two sons and the Duke of Sutherland, proceeded to Cambridge House to dine with the Premier and Viscountess Palmerston, where a distinguished party were invited to meet him. Later in the evening Lady Palmerston had an assembly.

On Sunday, at half-past ten o'clock, Garibaldi left Stafford House for Teddington, returning to London about half-past two o'clock.

Later in the afternoon Sir Harry Verney, M.P., called at Stafford House, and had an interview with the general, whom he drove to the residence of Miss Florence Nightingale, in Park-street, returning to Stafford House at four o'clock.

In the evening Garibaldi dined with M. Fabricoli, at Clapham.

MONDAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

At half-past twelve o'clock, on Monday, the general left Stafford House for the Crystal Palace.

At the Crystal Palace the day had been named for "the people's reception" of Garibaldi, and according to general expectation it was to have witnessed the assembling of a multitude vaster than any with which those great halls are familiar. The weather proved everything that could be desired for such a journey and for displaying in full liveliness the charms of the grounds and surrounding scenery. The official returns give the total visitors at between 24,000 and 25,000.

In general character the arrangements and decorations were similar to those of Saturday, but the proceedings, of course, were widely different. Garibaldi, then a spectator, was now to take a leading part in the day's performance, and for his accommodation a raised seat was set upon the platform or dais, across which the deputations were to move in turn. The state box which he occupied on Saturday was now untenanted, save with some stands of beautiful flowers. The approaches to the platform were kept perfectly clear, and a large space, filled with seats, immediately below the platform was reserved for the use of members of the deputations as soon as there had presented their addresses and filed before the general. With such exceptions, the great central area of the building was left open to spectators and before three

o'clock, the time named for the presentation of the addresses, was packed so closely as more than once to threaten the stability of the barriers, stout as these appeared. The survivors and representatives of the English Garibaldian Legion, a handful of active, determined-looking men, guarded the immediate avenues to the platform, in front of which was stationed the band known as "Distin's," in a dark uniform not unlike that of the London Rifle Brigade, but all with the Garibaldian hats and cockades. Between the Garibaldians and this band, composed of workmen in Mr. Distin's establishment, a very cordial feeling exists. Mr. Distin having presented twelve bugles to the English Legion at the time it was setting out for Italy. At last a movement towards the platform attracted attention, and a distinguished party, comprising the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Blantyre, the Duke of Argyll, and other members of the nobility, took their places in the reserved seats. G. Ribaldi, who was accompanied by the members of his staff and family, was received on his arrival by the City and Working Men's Committees that on the former occasion organized his progress from the Nine Elms Station to Stafford House; by Mr. Rosini, secretary of the Italian Committee, and Mr. Negretti; by Mr. Bowley, the manager, and by Mr. Grove, the secretary, of the Crystal Palace Company. He was conducted without loss of time to the platform, and coming into view of the main body of the people, was hailed with such enthusiasm that the strains of the band heralding the advent of the "Conquering Hero" were all but drowned. Bowing his simple acknowledgments with the simple grace which enters so largely into all his actions, Garibaldi took his seat in the position allotted to him, and the ceremony of presenting the addresses was proceeded with. Awaiting his arrival, the deputations had been drawn up in the picture-gallery. Here they were marshalled in groups by Mr. Baxter Langley, the members of each representative body having been limited to six by the arrangements of the Executive Committee, and were introduced in proper order by Mr. Hartwell, secretary to the Working Men's Committee. But before any of the corporate bodies or societies made their appearance, two little children, in dresses exhibiting the Garibaldian colours, were led forward to present the general with bouquets. This they did with childish simplicity, but at the same time with perfect good will, for Garibaldi's is a face into which children like to look; and his language—a tender smile and a fatherly kiss—is one that they all understand. Immediately after these little ladies had executed their mission the deputations were introduced in succession. They were preceded for the most part by a banner exhibiting the name of the town or the society they represented, which the spectators accepted as a polite attention and acknowledged suitably; some few stalked past, like the "Welsh Congregational Dissenters," in what would have been stern and gloomy *incognito* but for the assistance of the official programme. It was thought, and wisely, that time would be needlessly and wearily consumed in the reading of thirty or forty addresses, and it was therefore laid down as a rule for the guidance of deputations that no one should attempt to make a speech in the general's presence. Shaking hands was not a matter falling within the prohibition, and as this is a mode of expression by which a man naturally taciturn can place himself on a level in point of eloquence with his fellows, the general was treated to some remarkable manifestations of English earnestness and tenacity. The deputations first introduced were those from the corporations of Dover and Woolwich, headed in the case of each municipality by the mayor. Of the delegates from public meetings, those from Brighton led the way. Mr. White, M.P., introduced the mayor and other gentlemen who accompanied him, conspicuous among them being the late member, Mr. Coningham. Other delegates from public meetings followed—from Norwich; from Southwark, introduced by Mr. John Locke, M.P.; and from Lambeth, introduced by Mr. Doulton, M.P. Next followed the societies of various kinds, the Friends of Fatherland, with a very large banner, coming first in order. After them marched the representatives of the Norwood Working Men's Institute, the two last members wearing the uniform of the local corps of volunteers. The Surrey green was, of course, welcomed by the assembly, but for Garibaldi it possessed peculiar interest; he stopped the wearers, inquired into the matter from friends surrounding his chair, and shaking hands with those who had so attracted his attention, parted from them with the words "Brave volunteers!" Deputations from the Working Men's Club of Hastings, the Working Men of Brentford, the Maldstone Reform Association, the Ancient Society of Coggers, the Streatham Temperance Association, the Poplar Ratepayers' Association, and the Clapham Temperance Societies passed in rapid succession, and presented their addresses. When the turn came of the Central Horticultural Society, it appeared that they had organized a slight piece of stage effect. Two children, a boy and a girl, in fancy dresses, in which, as before, Garibaldian colours predominated, brought to the general silver baskets, containing a quantity of rare fruits. These he accepted with much gratification, placing them beside his chair with the addresses, which by this time were growing into a formidable pile, and did not suffer his little friends to leave till he and they were on excellent terms. Next came the representatives of the Shoreditch Working Men's Association, of the Local Orange Institution with their scarves and medals, of the London Unity of Odd Fellows, with equipments in harmony with the quaintness of their title, and administering shakes of the hand that were just as wonderful to see. The Congregational Dissenters, the Universal League, some very juvenile members of a collegiate school, and delegates from the London Mechanics' Institution, closed the list of societies represented, with the exception of a small committee having "Bible Stand" upon their banner, and who, after a short introductory statement, calculated merely to reach his ear, presented one copy of the Scriptures to Garibaldi, with others apparently intended for members of his family.

The most interesting part of the day's proceedings was that connected with the presentation of addresses from bodies having foreign relations. First in order came the Memphis Lodge of Freemasons, with which the deputation from French residents was seemingly incorporated. It was in this instance that the rule as to reading addresses was violated, and much impudence, as a necessary consequence, was engendered on the part of those whose progress was impeded, as well as those who had been compelled to hand in their addresses in dumb show. The speech, however, elicited from Garibaldi this remark in French:—"Tell your countrymen that, in the name of Italy, an humble individual like myself thanks them for their sympathy." The Hoxton friends of Italian liberty having marched past with a banner carried by a gunner in the uniform of a volunteer artillery corps, a small procession then made its appearance, at sight of which all the enthusiasm of the foreigners present, and eventually of the English section of the assembly, was fully roused. It advanced with a slow and painful step, as if its mission should rather be to assist at funeral obsequies than to share in demonstrations of joy and triumph. It carried a banner the very fringe of which was significant, having upon it the one word "Poland." At sight of this Garibaldi for the first time rose from his seat, and received the members of the deputation standing and with every demonstration of respect. When they had passed to the other side of the platform Garibaldi walked to its extremity nearest the public, and twice exclaimed with as distinct and emphatic pronunciation as he could attain, "Generous English nation, abandon not Poland!" The enthusiasm evoked by this appeal was only second to that which greeted the general upon his first entrance. His mind was evidently full of the subject, for in response to the address from the Swiss residents in London, which was next presented, Garibaldi said, "And you also, I beg that you will not allow poor Poland to die." At this point the band suddenly burst into the "Garibaldian Hymn."

So far nothing could have been more orderly than the conduct

of the assembly, but when the general and his party quitted the platform with the object of reaching a point overlooking the grounds a sudden rush was made to seize the opportunity of shaking hands with him, forgetting apparently that the sensation by this time had lost the novelty for him, at any rate. And so vigorous was the onset of the general's admirers, and such imminent peril did it threaten to his weakened limbs, that the utmost exertions of friends, followers, police, and all the officials at the moment upon the spot were required to cover his retreat.

Some twenty minutes later, when the crowd had in a great measure forsaken the building for the grounds, Garibaldi reappeared in one of the galleries overlooking the gardens, and was received with a fresh outburst of enthusiasm. The scene afforded him unbounded delight.

In returning from the Crystal Palace General Garibaldi drove through Peckham, and received the following address from the boys of the Upper School:—

"Dear General Garibaldi,—English boys love you; they would like you to feel that you have more than two sons, many more, in this land. They are thankful to learn that your wound is healed. They know that disaster does not daunt you, and they hope that delay will not vex you, but that you will wait without wearying until others shall have been trained to tread in your footsteps. That you may live in health and peace to look on worthy followers one hundred and eighty-five or us heartily pray."

Garibaldi returned from the Palace to the residence of Mr. Seely, M.P., at Prince's-gate.

At half-past seven o'clock on Monday evening the general left Mr. Seely's residence, to dine with the Marquis and Marchioness of Clanricarde in Stratton-street.

Later in the evening Lady Clanricarde received a select party invited to meet General Garibaldi.

Garibaldi retired shortly after eleven o'clock, conducted to his carriage by the Marquis of Clanricarde. The party broke up at midnight.

DEPARTURE OF GENERAL GARIBALDI.

It will be learned with some surprise that our Italian visitor General Garibaldi, leaves England to return to his island home at Capri. The surprise that might be felt will however, be much lessened when it is considered that since the general's stay in London he has been subjected to such a degree of excitement, and has been compelled to undergo an amount of labour which would have tried the constitution of a young and vigorous man, and which it is now discovered has greatly retarded his recovery, if it has not jeopardized his health to a serious extent. Although no fears were entertained up to a late period last week that General Garibaldi would be enabled to visit the north of England, and pay all the visits he had promised to make, which he, in fact, is most anxious to do, his medical advisers now imperatively urge the necessity of retirement and rest. General Garibaldi obeys these requirements reluctantly, as he is deeply impressed with a feeling of gratitude towards the English nation for the demonstrations made in his honour during his visit to England, with which he has been exceedingly pleased. The general goes to Cornwall to visit Colonel Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman," and, after staying with him for two days, will sail from Plymouth on Monday, for Capri, in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht.

The following letter has been addressed by the eminent surgeon, Dr. Ferguson, to Colonel Chambers, the zealous friend of the general:—

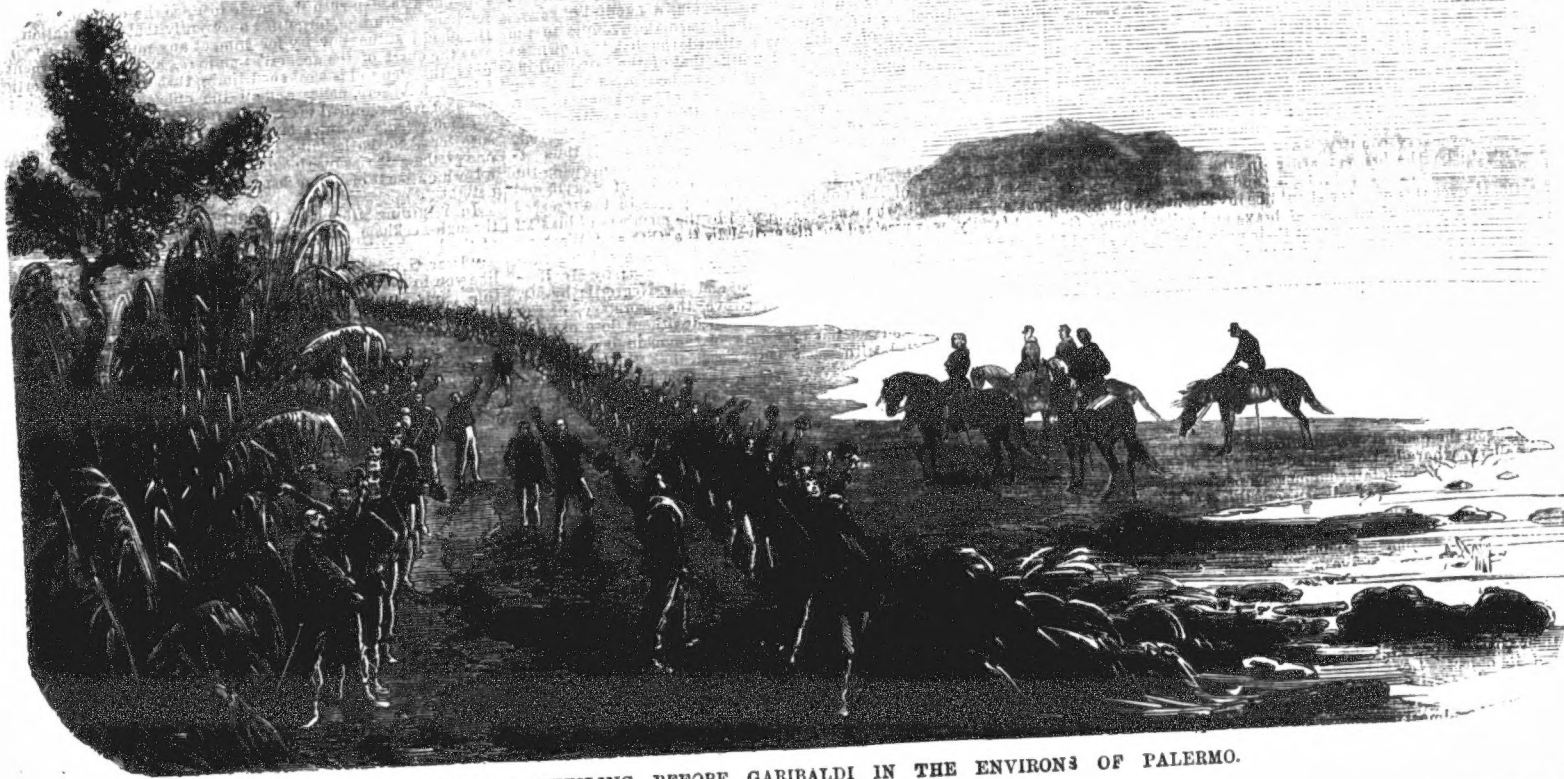
"16, George-street, Hanover-square.
"My dear Colonel Chambers,—From all I can see I fear that the general is undertaking much more than is conducive to his health and comfort, and possibly more than a man under the circumstances could stand. I have written to the Duke of Sutherland and to Mr. Seely to this effect; and knowing how warmly you are attached to the general I write to the same effect to you.
"Yours, very sincerely,
"Colonel Chambers, Stafford House." "WM. FERGUSON."

On Monday, the general left in the Duke of Sutherland's carriage, accompanied by Mr. Karl Blind, to pay visits. The general drove first to the residence of Mr. Karl Blind, in Townsend-road, St. John's-wood, where he paid his respects to Mrs. Karl Blind, and the members of her family. Thence the general proceeded to call on M. Ledru Rollin, in St. John's-wood-park, and subsequently upon M. Louis Blanc in Melina-place, in the same neighbourhood, with both of whom he had short interviews.

On Wednesday, the general received the honorary freedom of the City of London, presented in a gold box value 100 guineas.

On Saturday an inquest was held before Mr. C. C. Lewis on the body of Mr. John Christian Tilbury, aged twenty-six, who died from injuries sustained by the fall of his horse upon him at the South Essex Steeplechase on the previous Thursday. The inquiry took place at the house of Mr. Campbell, on whose farm the accident occurred. Mr. John Tilbury, of 9, Gloucester-crescent, Hyde-park, said: "The deceased was my son. He kept a riding establishment, and I acted as his assistant. Mr. Samuel Augustus Baker, of Chelmsford, veterinary surgeon, said: On Thursday last deceased rode a horse of mine at the South Essex Steeplechase in the Hunters' Stakes. I had not seen him before to my knowledge. He volunteered to ride, and appeared perfectly well and sober. He asked me if I had anything to say as to the riding of the horse. I told him he knew better what to do than I could tell him. The horse was a fine, clever jumper, and it had never before been in a steeplechase. It is coming five years old, and had been regularly hunted the whole season once a week, or twice in a fortnight. He is an easy horse to ride and of good temper. The horses started about three o'clock, and immediately afterwards I saw the horse loose. The deceased jumped the horse over the hurdles in front of the stand three times before starting. Mr. Robert Finch Jordison, of South Ockendon, surgeon, said: I saw deceased immediately after the accident at Mr. Campbell's house. I found him insensible on a sofa. There was no appearance of external injury. I remained with him until about six o'clock on the Friday morning. He was then dying. My son remained with him until he died, about half-past eleven. I have made a post mortem examination since death, and discovered on the right side of the skull a minute star fracture, through which blood was exuding; but the other injuries he received by so severe a fall would be sufficient to cause death. Nothing could have been done to save him; it was a hopeless case from the first. A report that the deceased was not sober at the time was most abominable. This evidence was confirmed by Mr. Kerridge. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." The wife of the deceased was Miss Lydia Thompson, the celebrated actress, by whom he had one child.

SHOCKING DEATH FROM FIRE.—Another of those frequent deaths resulting from wearing crinolines formed the subject of an inquiry before Mr. Payne, coroner for Southwark, at Guy's Hospital. The deceased, Mrs. Hannah Plamer, resided at Beech Cottage, Anerley. She was left in the cottage with her infant, only a few months old, and while passing the bars, the draught taking it between them, was forced against the bars, the draught taking it between them. In a minute the poor creature was all in a blaze, and ran out into the garden, the wind causing her clothes to burn more fiercely. Her screams soon attracted attention, but it was some time before the flames could be extinguished. She was then immediately taken to the above hospital, where she was attended to by the house-surgeon, who dressed her injuries, but her burns were of such an extensive nature that after lingering some little time she died. Verdict "Accidental death."



VOLUNTEERS DEFILING BEFORE GARIBALDI IN THE ENVIRONS OF PALERMO.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF GARIBALDI.

In our last impression we gave a memoir of Garibaldi, with several illustrations of incidents in the life of the great hero. We now proceed to give further illustrations of Garibaldi's career. The first is that of "volunteers defiling before Garibaldi in the environs of Palermo;" and is thus described in a letter received at the time:—

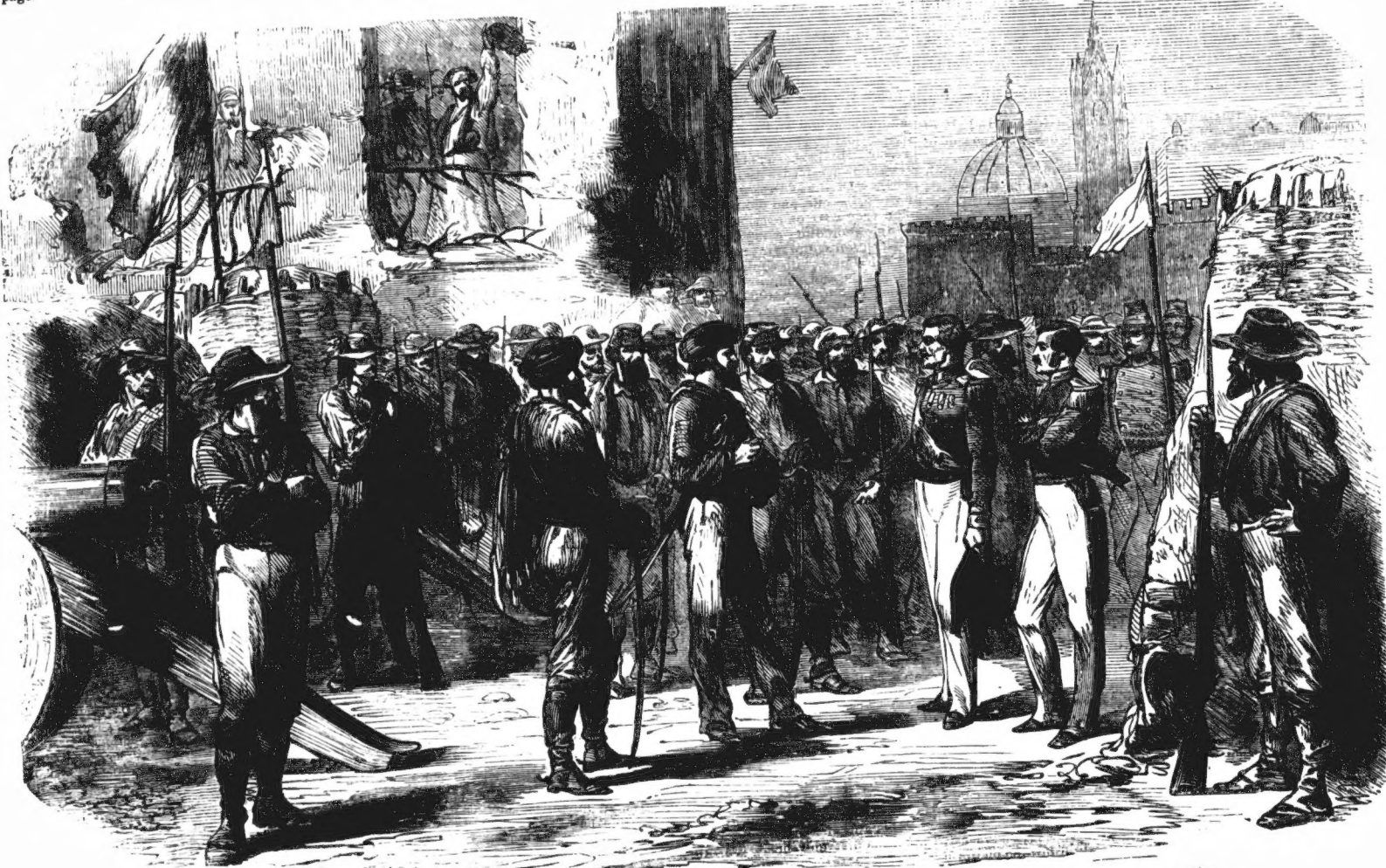
"We left Palermo on the 28th of June, 1860, at six o'clock in the evening. General Garibaldi came himself to review us. The welcome given to the general was, as usual, of the warmest kind. The population came forth in crowds, and manifested its enthusiasm by shouts of applause. It was on the sea shore that the general, with his staff, watched us as we marched past. Our first halt was at Borgaria, a village where we arrived in the evening. This village contains splendid palaces, which are, however, completely abandoned. From Borgaria we marched to Termini, where we met with the kindest reception. This town does not possess any palaces like the preceding, but it is much better situated, having mountains behind and the Mediterranean before it." An engraving of the town of Termini will be found on the opposite page.

Our next illustration is that of "General Garibaldi receiving, in the midst of the barricades, the Neapolitan negotiators." This event was alluded to in our last. We need only now observe that seldom was his attitude so noble and so impressive as on that occasion. The simple grandeur of his character was the more esteemed and felt after the wonderful victory of Palermo, which was afterwards signalized by the reception, as given in our engraving below.

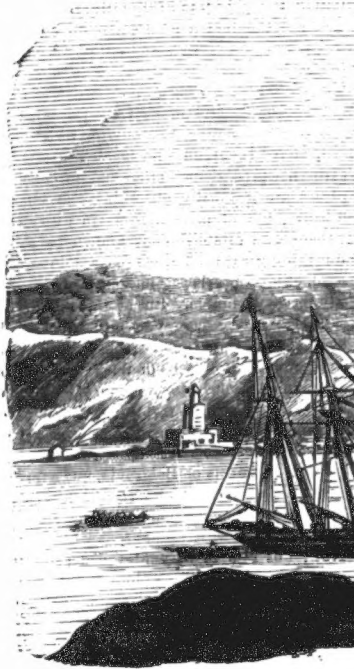
Garibaldi, in his great speech to the Italians at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last, said, "Had it not been for the English Government I should never have been permitted to pass the Straits of Messina." On the opposite page will be found an engraving of the town of Messina. The citadel, a pentagonal fort, situated on the south side of the harbour, is constructed according to the principles of Vauban. Two strong and well-constructed fortifications are also constructed on eminences above the town. The town is further defended by a fort so as to command the mouths of the Fiumara, which are the only places where an enemy could land with cannon.

Next to this we give illustrations of the "Town and Fort of Termini," before alluded to, and "Garibaldi's Head-quarters at Messina."

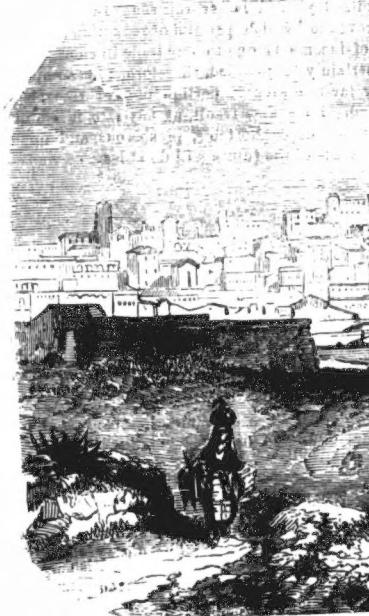
The battle of Melazzo was another important passage in the life of Garibaldi. We give on the opposite page a general view of Melazzo prior to the battle. Melazzo, situated on the north shore, lies only a couple of miles distant from the main road leading along the sea shore from Palermo to Messina, and is connected with it by a branch of the road. The mountain chain which intersects the island for its whole length has a much more rapid fall towards the north than towards the interior; hence its slopes are much more capable of defence, and less exposed to being outflanked. The deep beds of the torrent rivers are so many positions guarding the approach to the town. As the road leads close to the sea the right of a defending army is always safe on that side, while on the other the rapid mountain slopes and the almost complete absence of transverse roads make the position equally safe. This is, above all, the case in the neighbourhood of Melazzo, where a long mountain spur, called the Pizzo di Papacuri, runs down close to the sea. On the right flank of it lies the peninsula on which stands the castle of Melazzo. From this point backwards the mountain approaches closer and closer to the sea, making all operations over the mountain spurs more and more difficult, until you come to Gesso, where the road turns to the south east, and descends to Messina.



GENERAL GARIBALDI RECEIVING, IN THE MIDST OF THE BARRICADES, THE NEAPOLITAN NEGOTIATORS.



A PRESENT FOR THE KING OF THE HAMPSHIRE INDEPENDENT OF SATURDAY STATES A WORKING MAN RESIDING AT SHIRLEY, NEAR addressed a letter to Viscount Palmerston, whether it would be proper for him to present mark a small park of artillery of which he is application Mr. Waterman received a reply,



THE T publishes, together with a subsequent correspondence between this patriotic Englishman and General Palmerston. "10, Downing Street." "Sir—I am desired by Lord Palmerston, of the 3rd inst., to say that he does not consider any impropriety in your giving to the guns which you describe, but that he is about to send the Danish Government is sufficient artillery. "I remain your obedient servant." "W. Waterman, Esq."

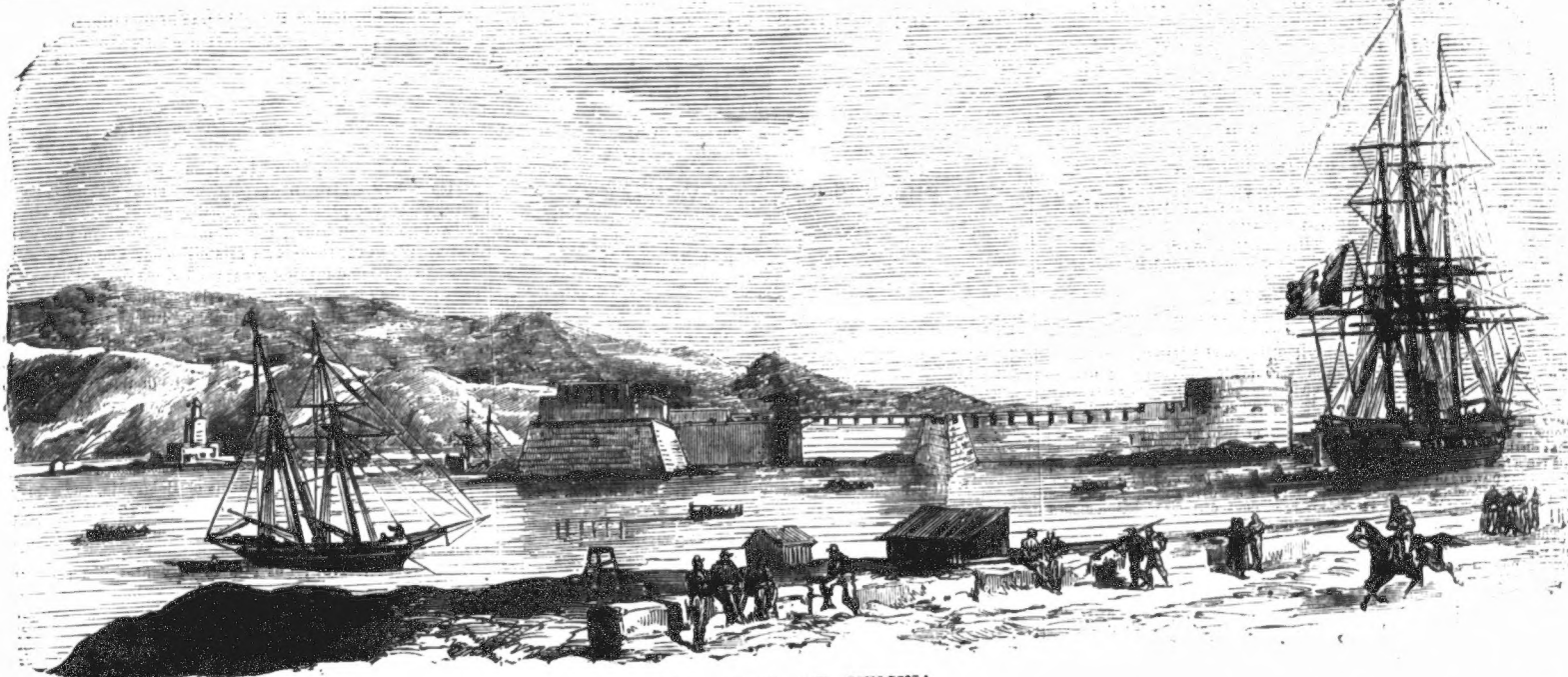




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ITALIAN NEGOTIATORS.



THE FORTS AT MESSINA.

A PRESENT FOR THE KING OF DENMARK.

The Hampshire Independent of Saturday states that Mr. Waterman, a working man residing at Shirley, near Southampton, lately addressed a letter to Viscount Palmerston, asking his lordship whether it would be proper for him to present to the King of Denmark a small park of artillery of which he is the owner. To this application Mr. Waterman received a reply, which the Independent

presented above, consisting of fourteen 4-pounder field-pieces, properly mounted, together with two gun-carriages. They have been used upon many loyal and festive occasions during the seven years I have had them, as proof of which I have expended upon those occasions more than a ton and a half of gunpowder. They have been inspected by many military men, who have pronounced them to be faultless. My object, sir, in

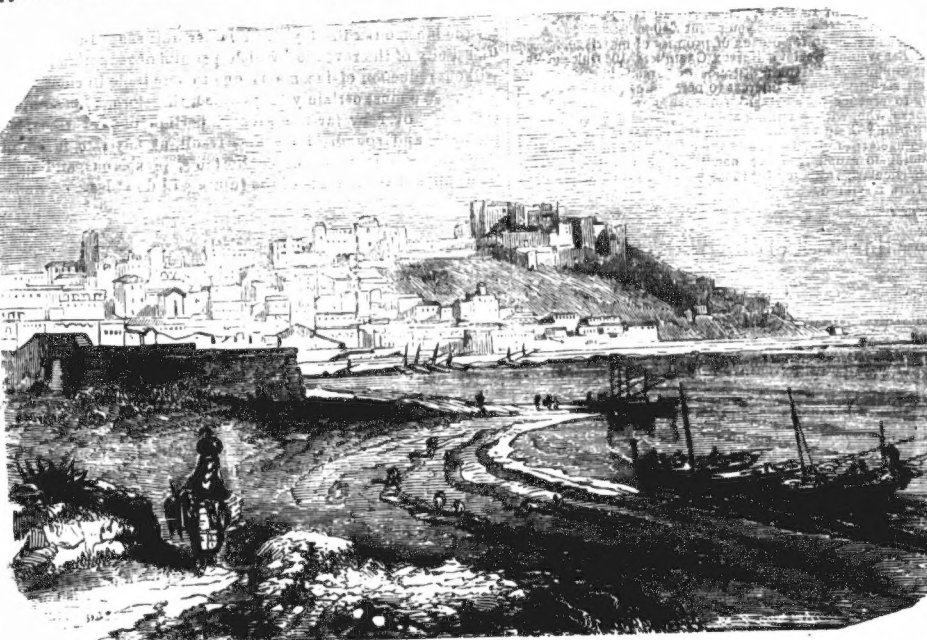
presenting them to the Danish Government, and I should feel greatly honoured by receiving the sanction of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. I am only a working man, and in but humble circumstances, but will hope that my motives may nevertheless be rightly appreciated.

"I remain, sir, your humble and obedient servant,
"WILLIAM WATERMAN.

"General Knollys."

"Sandringham, King's Lynn, April 12, 1864.

"Sir.—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., with the offer of a small park of artillery for the use of the King of Denmark, and have laid it before the Prince of Wales. His royal highness has desired me to



THE TOWN AND FORT OF TERMINI.

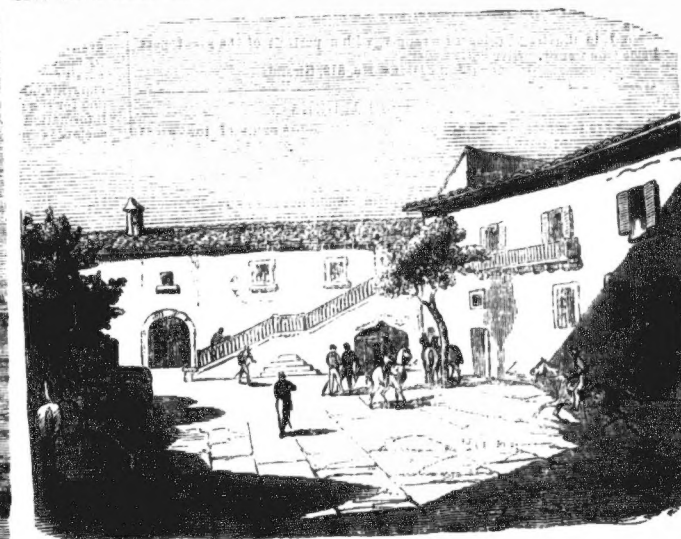
publishes, together with a subsequent correspondence which passed between this patriotic Englishman and General Knollys:—

"10, Downing street, April 6 1864.

"Sir.—I am desired by Lord Palmerston, in reply to your letter of the 3rd inst., to say that he does not conceive that there would be any impropriety in your giving to the Danish Government the guns which you describe, but that he should be inclined to think that the Danish Government is sufficiently supplied with field artillery. I remain your obedient servant,
"W. Waterman, Esq."

"EVELYN ASHLEY.

now addressing you is to request you will do me the favour to represent to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales that it is my wish and desire to present them to his Majesty the King of Denmark. I feel, in common with a very large number of my countrymen, that his Majesty is nobly sustaining the honour of his country in the unequal strife in which he is now engaged, and nothing would afford me more pleasure than to be allowed as a proof of my sympathy to be permitted to carry out my wishes. I have written to, and received a reply from Lord Palmerston, stating that he could see no impropriety in my pre-

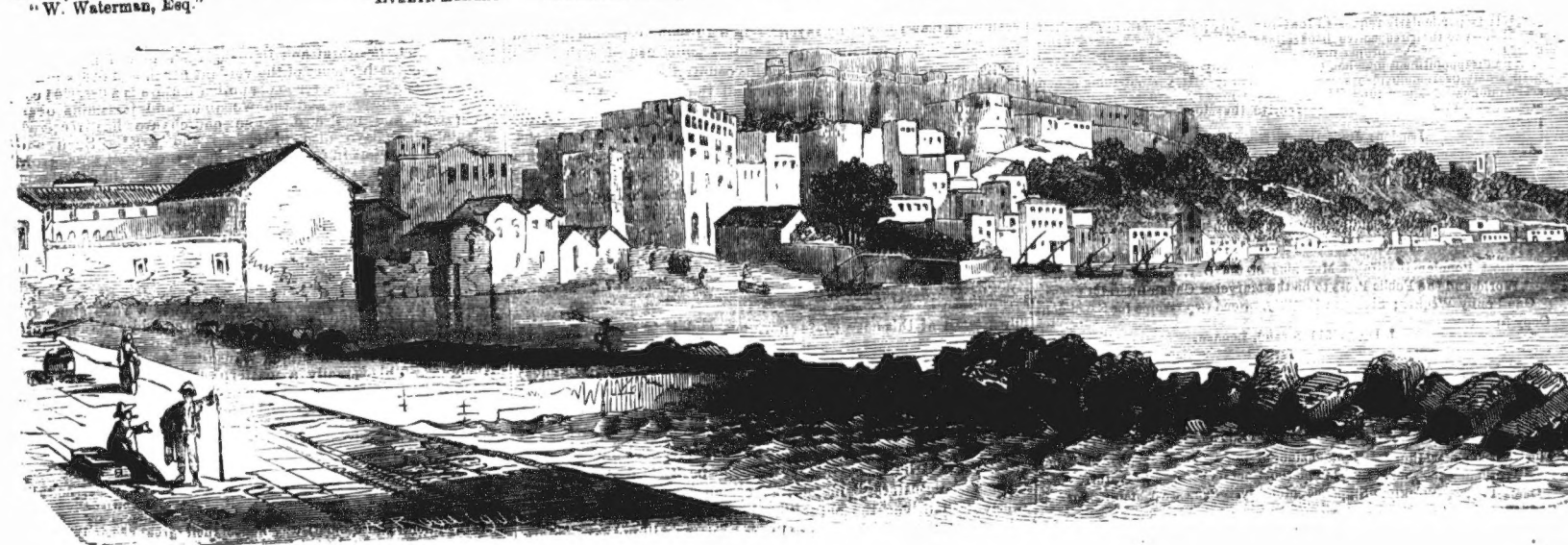


GARIBALDI'S HEAD QUARTERS AT MESSINA.

forward your letter to a general officer in the King of Denmark's household, which I have done this day, and will not fail to communicate to you any reply I may receive should the general employ me as the medium of conveying his Majesty's pleasure.

"I remain, sir, your obedient servant,
"Mr. Waterman."
"W. KNOLLYS.

The Government of the Emperor of the French has sent, through his excellency the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, the ambassador in London, to Mr. Benjamin Oliveira, late M.P. for Pontefract, a medal inscribed to that honourable gentleman, as a mark of distinction in recognition of the part which he took in the establishment of the principles of freedom of commerce which led to the treaty of 1860.



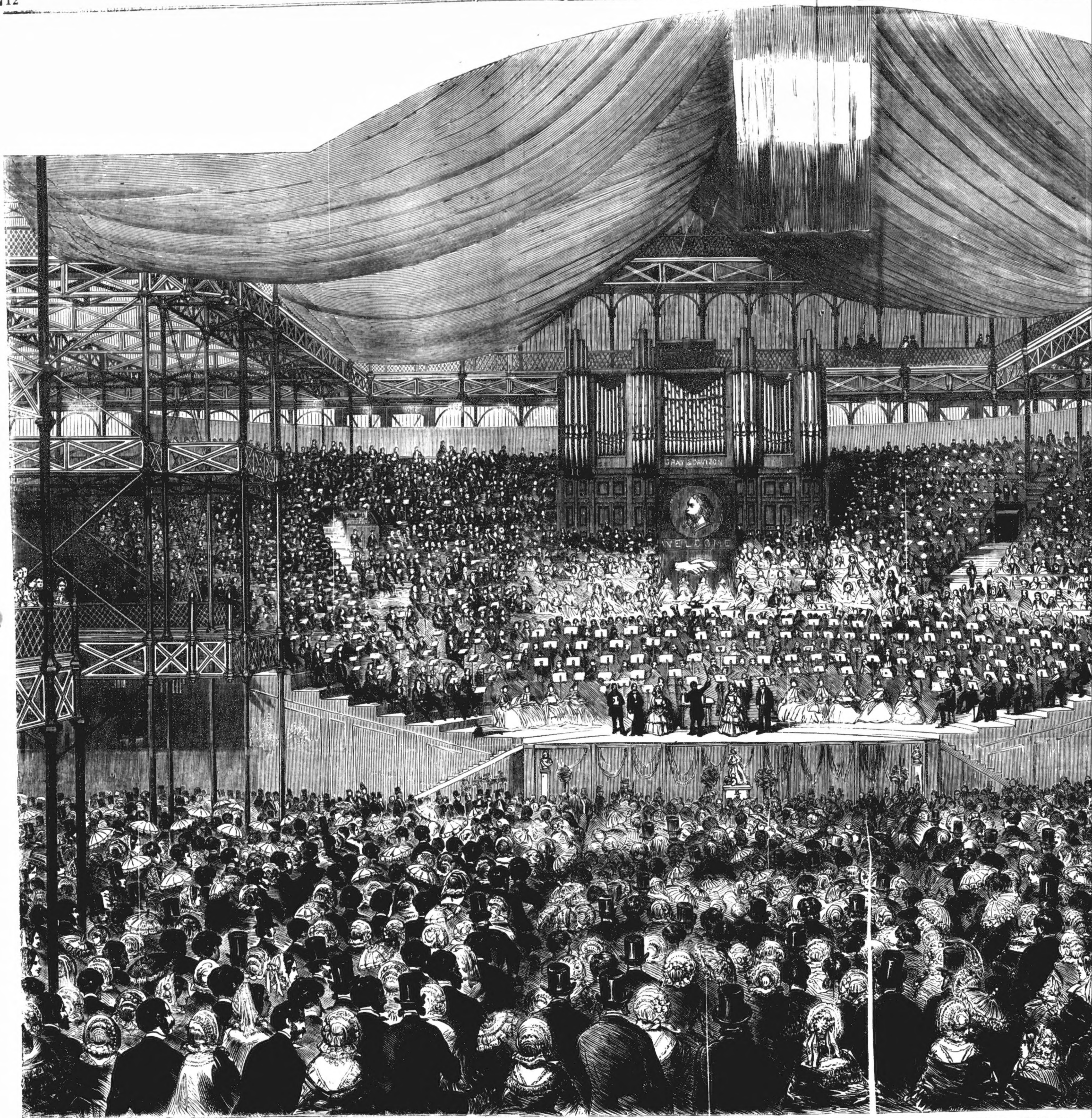
GENERAL VIEW OF MELAZZO.

cream or bread and butter, 1d.; dults, with cream
coffee-pot full, with bread and butter or toast,
with eggs, poached or boiled, 1s. 6d.

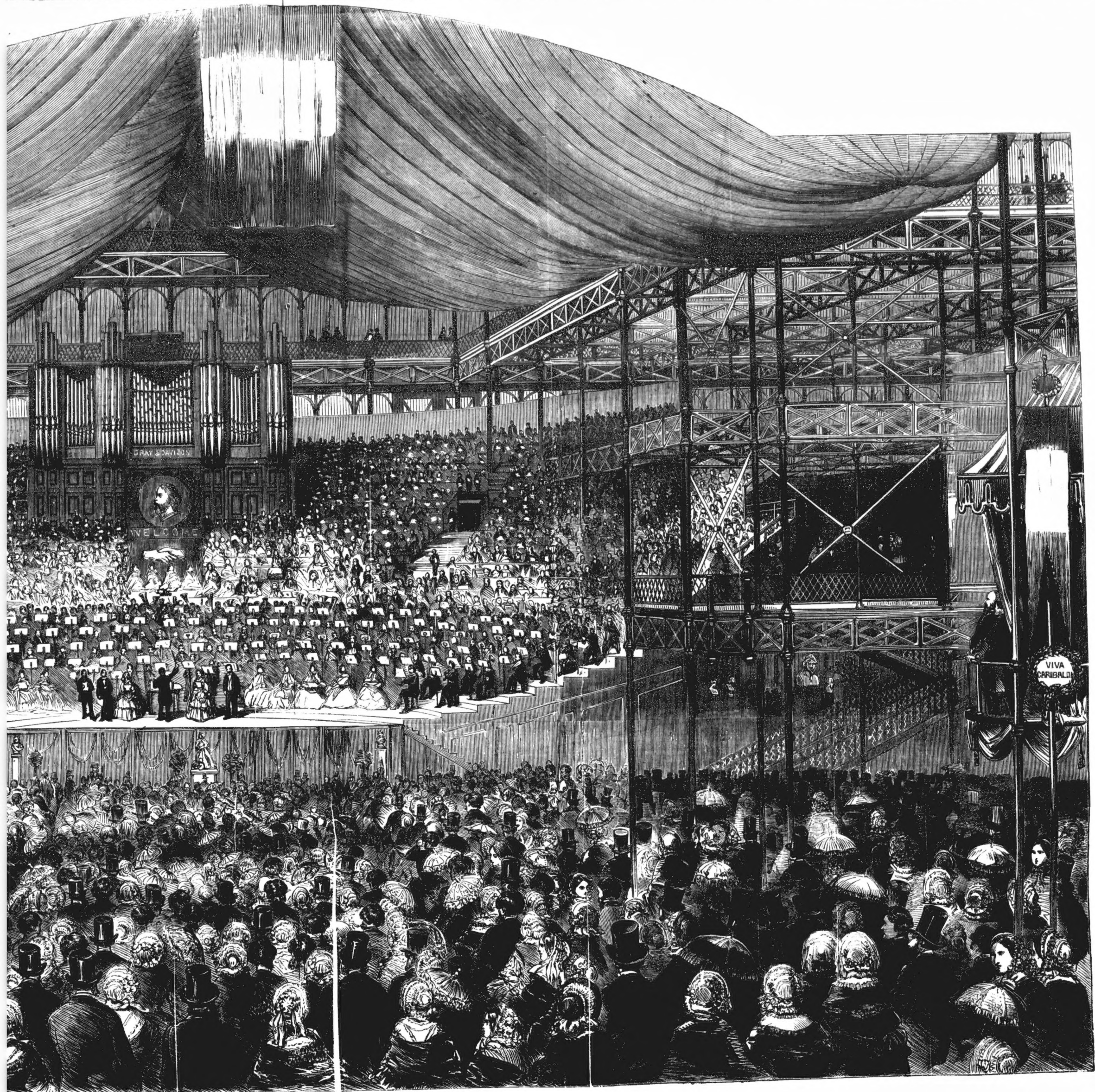
No HOME COMPLETE without a **WILLOX AND**
MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

The Court.



THE GREAT RECEPTION OF GARIBALDI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SATURDAY, APRIL 16TH.



THE GREAT RECEPTION OF GARIBALDI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE ON SATURDAY, APRIL 16TH. (See page 706.)

A SWEET MORAN.—John Brown, a well-dressed man, who refused to address a, was charged with stealing a purse containing about 15s. 6d. from the dress pocket of Mrs. Harriet Cooper, a lady residing at 14, Trevoy square, Knightsbridge. On Saturday, the 9th inst., the prosecutrix was in the Chisnam Junction Railway Station, about to proceed by train to Richmond, when her attention was drawn to the prisoner, who pushed rudely past her. She suspected him of having picked her pocket and immediately missed her purse. In the meantime, the prisoner had been sent from Richmond with a third-class ticket for Putney, entered first-class carriage to return to the latter station, as he had made a mistake in not getting out at that place when the train stopped. The prosecutrix spoke to Mr. Hanson, inspector of trains, who made search and found that the prisoner had thrown the purse out of the window of the carriage just as it was about to start. He was detained and handed over to the police. The prisoner pleaded "Guilty," and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor.



COLONEL FLESSINGER AND PARTY FORDING A RIVER. (See page 718.)

Literature
HIGHLAND JESSIE;
OR,
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.
A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY
CHAPTER XLVIII.
IN PRISON.

He did not hear the sentry pacing up and down outside his prison—for prison it was, though the room may have been comfortable, and bore not any of the evidences of a gaol.

Barely do you recognise the poor fellow as you peer at him. He looks old, does he not? And, upon my word, if you could examine his hair, you would find many grey threads in it. Indeed, if you look narrowly at it, even as we peer past the sentry into the prison, you will, perhaps, mark that the hair looks ashen colour. As his right hand hangs between us and the light, you are able to mark that it is very thin and transparent.

You see he does not move; but lies listlessly, staring before him, as though waiting.

Yes, he is waiting.

Waiting for death!

It is cowardly, perhaps, to court death; but we who say so have no great and irremediable grief to overwhelm us. But the time may come when you or I may pray to die.

Why, what had this man—upon whom you are in fancy looking—why, what had he to live for? He had seen his wife turn traitor to him, he had lost his one child, and he had heard the little one condemned to death by the voice of her who had brought the boy into the world.

What had he to live for?

He was overwhelmed with despair, shame, and desolation; therefore let him not be too hurriedly condemned if he felt no wish to live. Perhaps to seek to die is not a Christian desire—but pity is another name for our faith, and therefore, in pitying this poor desolate brother, we do better than in condemning him.

He had abandoned hope. When you see the ship go down, you do not turn to another point on the waters, and expect to see it again in full sail. So judge Olive St. Maur. He had set forth to find his wife, believing her to be good and noble, entreating her with every thought to forgive him the condemnation he had put on her. And when he found Lota, when once more his wife was before his eyes, he heard her devote their child to death.

Could he believe other than that she was a traitress?

He heard her condemn herself out of her own mouth, and with that knowledge all belief in her purity died.

Arrested on the 18th of June, he had lain five days upon the morning of the 23rd of that month, and when Lucknow had been in what may be called a state of siege for nearly one whole month.

So far, no court-martial had found a judgment upon Sir Olive St. Maur, deserter.

Phil, Olive's angel in general, had given a certificate to the effect that the baronet was in no condition to defend himself, and therefore General Sir Henry Lawrence had deferred the court-martial which was martially to decide upon Sir Olive's fate.

St. Maur was suffering from that odd form of fever which doctors account for by saying there is "something" on the mind. Men and women die daily about us of the same withering complaint. It is true that towards the end the nameless fever merges into one of the recognised forms of febrile disease, and that the certificate bears the title of this final ill as the cause of death, for you would hardly have the medical man set out the cause of death as "not known;" but in stern reality it is the slow nameless fever that really

kills. It may last only days, though sometimes it may continue for weeks, month, ay, perhaps, even years. But it kills at last, if the patient cannot destroy it.

If, pitying Sir Olive, you took his thin hand, you would find it very dry and hot; if, being a woman, you gently attempted to put back the hair from the forehead, you would find that here also the skin was dry and very hot, and you would find that the temples were throbbing.

Then look at his eyes—they are very bright and wild-looking. The fact is, if no man bring medicine to that mind diseased, the court-martial must sit quickly if they would try Sir Olive for desertion, or the court need never be summoned.

During those days Phil had been in and out Olive's place of confinement half-a-dozen times a day.

St. Maur had not been formally committed by his colonel O'Gogarty, to imprisonment quite ten minutes, when Phil, as a doctor, entered his old friend's place of confinement.

There was no display of sentiment on either side—your English fellows preferring each to keep his own emotion buttoned up in his own coat.

"Bullo, St. Olive!" says the doctor.

"Is that you, Effingham?" returned the baronet.

"Thought perhaps you might want me, so thought I'd look round."

"Thanks—no, Effingham. You'll come round here now and then, if you can see your way to it."

"Oh, yes!" says Effingham, who, comprehending with his sense as clear as any in the army that he is not wanted, adds, "See you by and by. Ta, ta!"

Not a word said either man as to the awful position of one of them. It is not the habit or the fashion of English gentlemen to be demonstrative, and I have no doubt that all the remark made by many an Englishman who has been saved from great danger by a fellow English gentleman, has been, "Thanks!"

But Phil Effingham was terribly "cut about"—his own expression—by the arrest of his old friend.

When he saw that arrest made, as he stood hidden from the outer view in the tent of the Fishers, he did not run forward and present himself at once to his old friend.

He may have had the impulse to do so, but his common sense told him almost before his impulse may have carried him a step forward, that he could do no good by showing himself, while the old friend would doubtless be pained at his arrest being witnessed by an old companion in arms.

So Phil held back, and only showed himself to St. Maur when the latter had been committed to custody.

Then followed that interview of six moments which has been set down.

Phil had made up his mind that unless Olive spoke first to him of his desertion, he would not mention it.

That he speculated as to whether Olive had journeyed, wherefore he had returned, how he had got away, and how he had once again appeared at the Residency, it were needless to deny. Such speculations were natural, but he felt that it was not for him to speak first.

And, beyond any question, the surgeon was right. To talk to a man of his troubles when he does not refer to them himself, is to show that you are not such a gentleman as you may suppose yourself to be.

But there was one speculation in reference to Phil, which harassed Phil more than the others. This was the wonderment as to who had given notice of the captain's return—a notice which must have been almost simultaneous with his appearance. The dust of travel was upon St. Maur's worn shoes when he was arrested, still wearing the Parsee dress.

But no inquiry made Phil Effingham.

After that first interview when they met, their conversations were long and cordial, but no explanation had been asked for or given up to the 23rd June.

During those languid days, St. Maur had frequently asked Phil when the court-martial was coming off.

"Didn't know," Phil would answer lightly, and taking infinite care not to add that it was mainly by his activity that the inquiry

was put off from day to day, upon the doctor's representation that Sir Olive was not in a bodily state sufficiently strong to enable him to see after his own defence.

Up to that morning of the 23rd June no explanation had been given or received. But the victory being sometimes to the patient, Phil was on this day to learn what had happened.

He had chatted with Olive a minute or two on the health of the latter and the news of the siege, the rebels, he had repeated the rumours current in the camp, laughing at half of them, and discussing the rest in the quick, sharp way natural to him, when Olive suddenly said, "Why don't you ask a poor beggar what has happened to him?"

"I thought, Olive, I would wait till you spoke to me."

"It's all at an end."

"What's all at an end?"

"My life, Phil."

"Nonsense, man!"

"I tell you I want to die."

He said these words in no pining, whining manner, but with a dogged determination which almost defied an answer.

Phil, for instance, made no reply, but waited for his old friend to speak again.

"I have no desire to live, Phil. Live—what should I live for?"

He looked up with an expression of the " frankest despair," Phil has said, he ever beheld.

"Well," said Phil, "I don't see that dying will mend it."

"Phil, I did not like to speak of it before—but I must get you to look to my feet. The fact is, I—I walked from Delhi!"

"Walked from Delhi!" blurted Phil, who now for the first time learns that his old friend has been to that city.

"Yes, all my money went, and so I had to walk, and my shoes, I suppose, got worn out; at all events, I find that my feet are loaded with thread-worms (a)."

The doctor at once fell to work extracting the parasites, and exactly as a kind of confidence is always established between a doctor and his patient, so the mere fact of Phil operating upon his old friend paved the way to still more confidence between them.

"I have seen her," said Olive.

"Her—whom?"

"My wife!"

The doctor looked up with a cast of countenance from which all expression was discharged except the want of expression.

"Seen Lady St. Maur?"

"Yes."

"At Delhi?"

"At Delhi."

"Then where is your wife?" asks the doctor.

"I do not know."

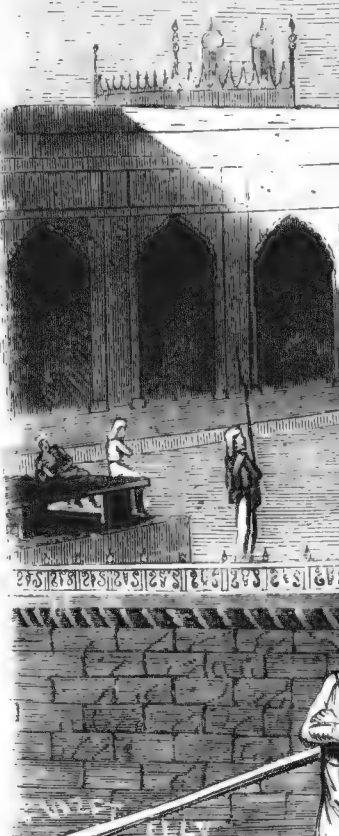
"Don't know!" repeated Phil, who was in that condition of excitement which appears to be best met by repeating the words you are hearing.

"No, I do not know, and I wish to heaven I could say I did not care!"

"Not care, St. Maur?" asks the regimental surgeon.

"For the fact is, Effingham, though I am ashamed to say it, even to you, that I love her—that, in spite of all, I love her. Heaven forgive me!"

(a) THREAD-WORMS—These worms, which are far more prevalent in Ceylon than in Hindostan, are extremely troublesome, and even dangerous in the case of Europeans, who, unprepared for their attacks, are far less likely than the natives to be aware of the presence of these parasites, which make their presence known by heat in the feet. This worm, though, perhaps, strictly speaking, it is no worm at all, is not much thicker than a thread; it insinuates itself below the thick skin of the under part of the foot. After a time the feet grow very painful, but the source of danger lies in these pests remaining after death in the skin. Mortification of the limb is very like to ensue. The great source of danger is, however, to be found in removing the parasite from below the skin, for if it is broken during the operation, the foot has to be opened and the remains found. The natives, accustomed to these attacks of the parasite, by their natural habit of going about bare-footed, are extremely dexterous in cutting out these horrible creatures, while the European happily has a safeguard, effective, but no infallible, in the shape of stockings and shoes (which have been known to be no protection), which compensates for their ignorance of this pest.



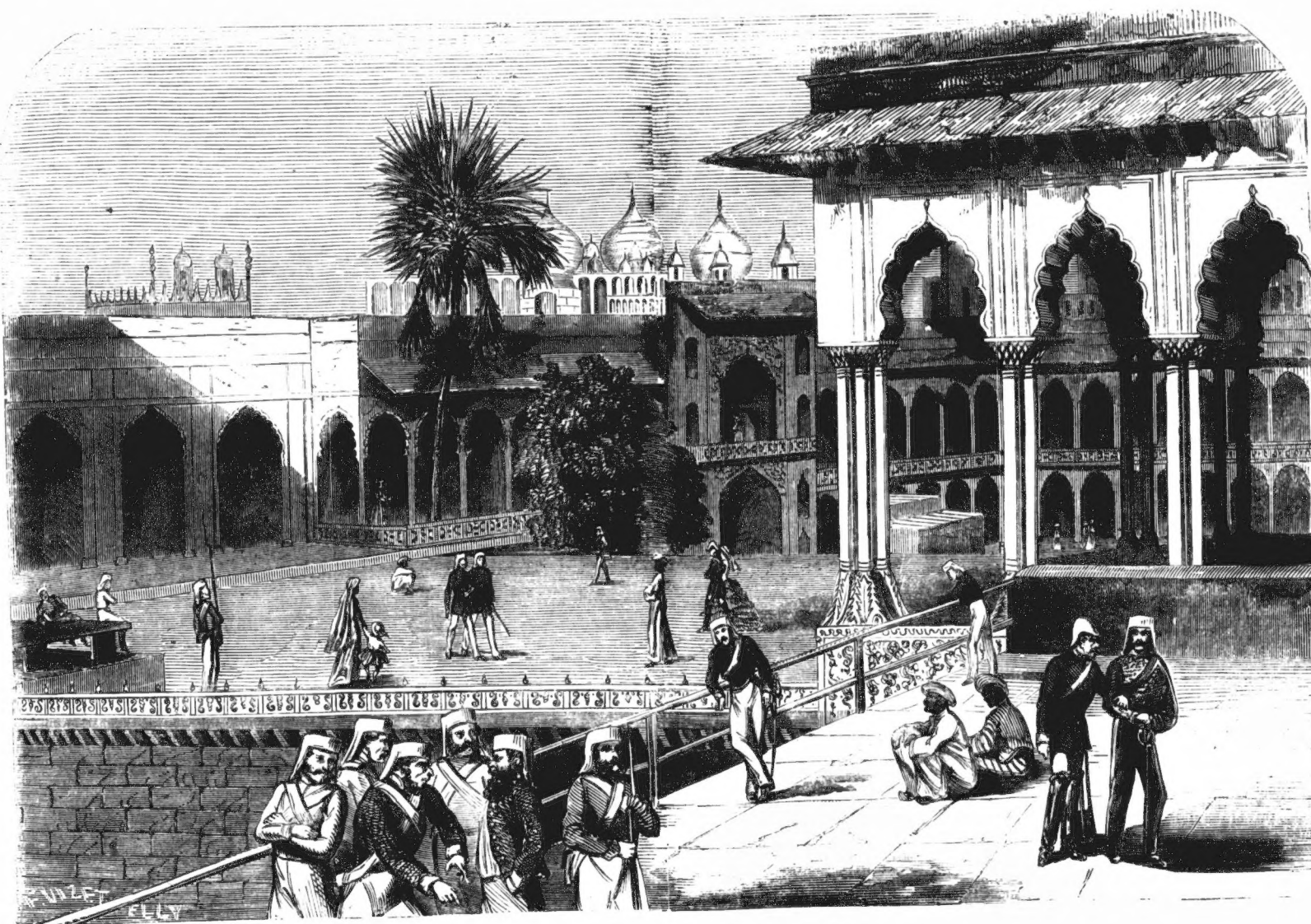
[APRIL 23, 1864.]



THE FIRST FUSILIERS ON MARCH. (See page 716.)

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THE PALACE-FORT AT AGRA. (See page 718.)

Phil ran his hand through his beard. "What do you mean by asking heaven for pardon, because you love your wife?"

"Because, Phil, she was never worth a grain of love."

"But did you speak to her?"

"She saw me."

"Did she speak to you?"

"No."

"But why, Clive, do you ask heaven to pardon you for loving her?"

"Because she is a murderer!"

And thereupon Phil Effingham peered into his friend's face, as though he believed the baronet was now, beyond any question, quite deprived of his senses.

For the reader will see that Phil, having learnt from Doob Sharpo, the Nana's spy, the actual conditions under which Lota left her husband's home, knowing that when she did so she fled not to the Hindus, but to save her child, he was quite at a loss to comprehend how much of a heroine she had been in committing that act for which he most condemned her.

Of course Dr. Effingham could have no knowledge of the intricacies of that devilish plotting on the part of the Nana which had forced Lota to condemn her own child to the cannon.

"She's a better woman than you think for," said Phil.

"No; I speak of what I saw and what I heard."

And thereupon he told Phil the history of that terrible 12th of June at Delhi.

The doctor listened at first in amazement, but in a very short time, and as Clive continued to speak—for it appeared that once his tongue loosened he had much to say—in a very short time Phil's countenance changed its expression. He was trying to reconcile the contradictions of his history and that of the narrative being related by Clive.

Doctor Phil felt quite sure that Lota was faithful to her husband and her adopted land—the admissions of the fellow, Doob Sharpo, proved that; how then was it that openly Lota appeared to have betrayed both?

I own that when Phil heard of the massacre of the child his firmness gave way.

"I heard the order," said Clive, and so great was his agony that the hot skin, which had remained stubbornly dry, now poured with perspiration. "I heard her command our boy's death—she, her very father—and, as I fell fainting, I heard the sound of the cannon which saved the boy from living to blush for his mother."

"My life on Lady St. Maur's honour," says Phil. "I would stake my life that she is true to you and to England."

"I tell you I heard the cannon."

"Still, my life on it, she is worthy your love."

"How can she be?"

"Because she braved the condemnation of the regiment in endeavouring to save the boy."

"Whom I heard her condemn to death."

Phil paused for a moment.

"How can you reconcile your belief with my statement?"

"Ha—I have it!" said Phil.

The baronet shook his head.

"I have it, man, I tell you. These infernal Hindoos are as cunning as they are black. That rascal I surprised came here to induce you to go to Delhi, under pretence of being sent by Lota. You would then have served the purpose the boy was made to serve—to be used as a threat over her."

"No, no!"

Then Phil told his tale of the spy, concluding with these words:

"I see it all, man. It's as plain as day. You were to take the place of the child, and the boy was sacrificed in order that the Hindoos might be forced into believing Lota a saint, by hearing her condemn her own child."

"What living mother ever could condemn her child to death, Phil?"

"Ah, but suppose she did so in the belief of saving your life, Clive?"

The soldier started. "What! you think that, perhaps, she did as she did, for my sake?"

"I know I'm a certainty that you were to be entrapped and carried off to Delhi. What if they played upon her heart by telling her you were already in their power? What if she even condemned the child in the belief that by so doing she would save your life?"

"The baronet leapt up from his bed as though these words had given him instant strength."

"Phil, man, you are giving me new life. Can it be that she really sacrificed the child with the belief of saving my life? Oh! if I could but think so!"

"Why not try to think so—what harm will it do you to think the best?"

"I will try and believe that she was a good woman, even when actually she killed our little one. But you have turned pale, Phil; what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Clive—just nothing," said the doctor. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

And so speaking, he turned quickly away.

Nothing the matter?

"Yes, much."

As he saw the brightness come back to the face of the broken-down soldier, a weight fell upon his heart, for his conscience said to him, "What have you done? You have prompted a man who is foredoomed to death, and who coveted death, you have prompted this man to cling to life—he who has no chances of existence. You have been more than unwise—you have been merciless!"

For how could it be expected that the sentences of the court-martial upon Sir Clive St. Maur could be any other than one of DEATH.

Sir Clive was a deserter, military law had been proclaimed, and therefore desertion was death. What palliation of the act could he put forward? His very position, and the high character he had borne would all tell against him.

"Nothing," thought Phil, "could save him; and yet he, Effingham himself, had once more made existence sweet to that man, who could have it no more to do with life."

No wonder the doctor bit through that cigar which he mechanically lighted up. No wonder he did not see Jessie Macfarlane pass, nor mark the pretty salute she dropped him.

He was thinking only of his friend.

He had no idea that he was to save St. Maur from the peril of death.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE LAST OF JUBELINA.

DEATH has this proud attribute, that he makes the common-place and even the mean appear grand, and even stupendous.

What in Jubelina's life had been worth observation?

And yet, now that she was dead, her poor corpse read as great a lesson as that of the still form of the wisest and best.

Indeed, the great splendour of death is its equality.

They had to bury the now quiet sergeants on the 23rd, for in their Indian climate you may not keep your dead for days.

There were a good many people about the poor woman's coffin, for so far, the R-idency had barely begun to know its troubles, and the time was weeks distant when the staff-officer to whom we have alluded would write down, "This day, for the first time for some time, we had no burial."

So far, the living made the wooden receptacles for their dead, such as we have in England. So far, the time had not come when

the dead were to be committed to earth, with that earth only for a shroud.

Mrs Spankie was there, of course; for where was it that Mrs. S was not, when she had made up her mind to be present?—and from the way in which she did her part in the few responses, you might have felt sure she was in her war, registering vows on the brink of the grave to look after little Jerry as her own.

Miss S-eggs was there; and perhaps, from a fashionable point of view, she was an honour to the assembly, for though nobody in the place ever found out where it came from, it was not any the less true that she appeared in modish mourning and a very white tulle. You see poor dear, really she sacrificed to the graces to the extent, that she truly believed she did great honour to her dead friend by being better dressed at her burial than anybody else.

Drummer Fisher followed with his drum, upon which he tapped disconsolately now and then after the military fashion, and as they were still moderately safe in Lucknow, and were not worn down with disease, fear of death, and hard work, there was still a military disposition to attend the poor woman to the place in which, for the first time in her life, she would be at peace.

Mrs Maloney was there, and Maloney himself, and, of course, Jessie Macfarlane, who did not appear in a hundredth part of the grief displayed by Miss Skeggs, and who, to confess the truth, showed just no mourning at all.

And as Jessie was present, there can be no need to add that Tim Flat was in the back-ground.

It was soon over, and the dear sister departed lay by herself under a tree which was only too soon to shadow very many more of the peaceful dead.

Those who had assisted at the burial dropped away one by one with a kind word, or a cheery one, as the little procession stepped father and farther from the grave, and so it happened that when the Fishers neared their tent only the Maloneys were with the father and son.

"It's precious hot to-day, isn't it, Fisher?" says Maloney, who for the past five minutes has been wondering what on earth he could say, and has at last hit upon that novel remark.

"It is very hot, Maloney," says the sergeant.

"Very hot!" replies the other sergeant. "But, Fisher, old fellow, there's always this to be said, that there's no knowing who may go next; and as praps we may all go at a quick march too, why what's the use of carrying reversed arms—is it?"

"No," says Fisher, "it's no use carrying reversed arms, as you say; and as for the quick march, well, praps you're right there."

Good morning!

And thereupon Sergeant and Drummer Fisher turn into their tent.

Now Drummer Fisher is in a difficulty as to what he can say, but remembering Mr. Maloney's successful attempt, he imitates it—imitation being the fate of most successful performances.

"It is very hot, ain't it, father?"

"Yes, my boy," says the father, taking off his coat; "to-day's going to be a blazer."

The boy follows his father's plan, and takes his coat off, saying—

"Yes, it will be very hot."

Then nothing more was said till the sergeant lit up his pipe, when, perhaps, under the influence of that soldier's friend, the sergeant found his tongue.

"Drummer Fisher," says the sergeant.

"Yes, father," replies the boy, turning a little pale, for he knows that something is going to be said.

"Drummer Fisher!"

Here the boy saluted, which was a safe way of not saying too much.

"My boy—time was when I have said to you as you must do your duty."

"Which, father, I tried to do it."

"And which, my son," says the sergeant (looking through the smoke of his black pipe with the kindest eyes, for I have seen him smiting and heard him praising his son at the same time), "I am quite sure that there dooty you did do!"

"Did I, father?" asks the boy.

"That you did, my son."

"I'm glad of that."

"My boy," continues the sergeant, "it's time as I should speak out fair, for I shouldn't like for me to hear the muffled drums, and to march off without telling of you all that is the truth."

"What, father?" asks the boy, looking a little scared, for he comprehends the sergeant's figure of speech; and, though the boy is a soldier's son, he cannot face undebatingly the probability of losing the father so soon after the mother has passed away.

"Drummer Fisher, I may be too; and I would not like to be took without lettin' you know my mind."

"Took!" says the boy; "why you'll never let no enemy take you!"

"Oh, lord, boy! there's no fightin' agin that enemy."

"Who's him?" asked the boy.

"Why, him, Job, as conquered your mother; that is," says the sergeant, confident in a moment that he has spoken too plainly—"the enemy as your mother could not conquer."

Then Sergeant Fisher stopped again, because he doubted whether he had improved the first speech.

Perhaps he had not.

However, he made no attempt to amend it. He simply waved the black pipe, and harangued his son once more.

"Drummer Fisher, them orders to do your dooty and honour your mother is no longer standing orders—because, why?—you have no longer any mother."

"No, father," says the boy, softly, and playing with his belt, "for Mrs. Maloney heard the click of the bugle."

"Therefore, my boy, I wish to tell you that I think you have always done your dooty nobly."

Here the belt must have tumbled on the ground.

"Yes, my boy, noble; for hard I knew that dooty was to go through, being worse than double fatigue on half rations."

"No, father."

"Yes, Job, and if I was always sayin' honour your father and mother, my boy, that was because I really was afeard you couldn't do it; but you did it noble, my son, and I honour you for that same."

"Lord, father, don't! Only think of a sergeant in the British army honourin' his own son!"

"Which, Drummer Fisher, I do not see why not so. Seeing children honour parents, why not those those? Answer me that! Anyhow, I do, and I tell you that that much at once, because you knows what to-morrow may bring about, man being like grass that is cut down, and—"

Here the sergeant broke down, and took consolation out of his pipe with half-a-dozen hard whiffs.

Meanwhile the boy began polishing his buttons with his coat cuff.

"Drummer Fisher—now you know my sentiments—but have something more to say. Drummer Fisher, you know as I honoured your mother; but my boy, it was hard work so to do, and—and I wouldn't have you go through that same."

"Lord, father, what do you mean?" says the boy, staring.

"Way, to take warnin' by me, Job, and, when you marry, why, marry wiser than your father."

"Lord, father!"

"Don't go a blazin', Drummer Fisher. Which, you being a boy, I would not talk to you like this same; but is it not the dooty of the father to advise his child? And if I'm knocked over, can he advise that boy? No. Then let him advise that boy while advise he can. You may be young, but you will be older."

"Well—yes," says the boy.

"And be wiser."

"I can't be wiser than you, father."

The sergeant started.

"Which, my son," he continued, "I did not mean wiser than your father, though that may be, but wiser nor you are now."

"Oh, yes, father."

"Then mind your choice," says Sergeant Fisher.

And there, I think, ended the lesson.

"Drummer Fisher," says the sergeant, "will you clear out for a little?"

"Yes, father."

And then follows the buckling of the boy's belt.

"I'm going, father."

"You won't forget what I've said?"

"No, that I won't, sir."

"No—it's worth rememberin'. MIND YOUR CHOICE!"

"All right, father."

And here the boy saluted.

Then once more the sergeant saluted the bit of a boy—he would no more have done so in public than have refrained, under similar circumstances, from saluting the general—and bade him clear out.

Left alone in his tent, I believe Sergeant Fisher showed the white feather. I am almost sure that he cried a bit.

I have never liked to ask Mrs. Maloney about this particular, nor has she been communicative on the point; but when we near the subject I think I see confession in her eyes. I am sure she listened through the canvas—ha, and she perhaps joined in.

And somehow, Drummer Fisher spent a very peaceful morning after the burial of his mother. His father's praise had gone straight to the boy's heart.

And thus it happened that poor Jubelina, who had done so little good in all her life, was of use after she had ended her scolding for ever.

CHAPTER L.

SIR CLIVE ST. MAUR—24TH OF JUNE.

THE talk of a coming engagement with the rebels was very animated on the morning of the 24th of June.

The reports were very contradictory.

Some said that the enemy were marching on to Lucknow one hundred thousand strong—others declared that the enemy were so weak that they feared to advance.

Bad news had come from Cawnpore. A letter, written under the direction of the General, Sir H. M. Wheeler, K.O.B., had arrived with most depressing news from that station. Then, beyond all doubt, the enemy had advanced, and were, so far, the conquerors. The Cawnpore fort had been shelled incessantly for eight days, night and light without intermission, and as the entrenched position was so crowded, the spaces of the shelling had been terrible. Of all the whites, and of those faithful to them, who were defending themselves at Cawnpore, one in every three had been killed.

"That's bad," says Ensign Poppo; "but we've got more room here than the Cawnpore fellows, and I'd take bets that we hold out longer than Cawnpore or Agra."

"Cawnpore, yes," says Ensign Swellington, who had become much more of a man since he had been called upon to do the duty of one in working, as well as the rest, at the defence of Lucknow, "but mark my words, the Agra fellows are the luckiest beggars. Their fort is a regular palace, and they can defy the sun as much as they like. I wish we had a place like the Agra men (b)."

"Well," says Poppo, who was a man to pun and try after clever things, even with the toothache, "suppose we are jolly that we've got a place at all."

"Any more news?" asked Swellington.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Those splendid fellows, 1st Fusiliers, going to knock 'em out of time at Delhi (c)."

"Wonder what they are doing at Delhi?"

"Don't know. Wonder who that white woman is they call the Prophetess?"

"By Jove!" says Poppo, after a pause; "suppose she were St. Maur's wife!"

"Who?" asks Swellington.

"Why, the white prophet woman; the—what-do-you-call-it, at Delhi?"

"By Jove! never thought of that! I suppose they'll shoot Oliver, poor beggar?"

"Well, he shouldn't have deserted. Nothing ought to make a fellow desert. When is he going to be tried?"

"They say to-morrow."

"He is ill, isn't he?"

"Yes, Effingham says so."

For this is the way in the army they talk of a brother companion in difficulties. You never hear any sentiment in a mess-room, and Clive's fellow officer talked of his being shot as though he was remarking on an ordinary every day occurrence. It does not, however, follow that the young man was heartless.

The day wore on, but it was not to end without news of Lota.

In the evening, there came into camp about a score of fugitives from Delhi.

The entry in a trustworthy diary runs:—

"23rd June.—This evening Colonel Flessinger, Captain Hamilton, their wives, several children, and a number of white gentlemen came into camp. They had endured many hardships, but reported that the ryots (native rustics) had been very kind to them and had sheltered them from the sepoys. Their greatest danger was the fording of rivers, the danger arising from the risk of alligators and the strength of currents. Happily, however, at this season of the year the alligator is very sluggish and sleepy during the day, while the waters have sunk to their lowest level. On no occasion was the water above the waist (d)."

Colonel Flessinger brought news which was discomfiting to the gallant 3-th.

So had seen the Prophetess Lota, and he recognised her as Lady St. Maur, whom he had known at Lucknow, while visiting that station.

(b) The Agra Fort.—We have already given a couple of sketches of this fort, but this week we present another, which furthermore exhibits its painful character. The drawing, however, as our readers will see at a glance, was taken at a time previous to the outbreak. Swellington was right; the Agra fort was a comparative luxury.

(c) THE FIRST FUSILIERS.—Poppo was right. The Fusiliers did assist at the taking of Delhi, as did the 2nd, only Poppo was a little too premature in his statement. And here we do not avoid illustrating our tale with a sketch of the 1st Fusiliers, who were to do so much towards regaining India for the British crown. The distinguished regiment was raised in 1754. It took a prominent part in the attack on the 30th of June against the enemy's entrenchments at Badlee S-raz, and in conjunction with the other European troops engaged, carried them in less than an hour. The colour, which bore the names of: Plassey, Buxar, Delhi, Dhurapore, Afghanistan, Guzerat, Feroczeahab, Sohraon, and Pegu, show that they have been engaged in many a well-fought field. In the year 1845, the regiment left the hills for the Suttie campaign with twenty-four officers and seven hundred men; before three months had passed, twenty officers and upwards of four hundred men had been killed or wounded. No regiment in the Crimean campaign suffered so much as this gallant regiment did in three short months; the reader may judge from this fact how nobly the men fought. In the sketch they are shown in fighting trim, a style they greatly prefer. Their coat or jacket and stock are dispensed with, and they march and fight in their shirt sleeves. Their pantaloons are a pale grey colour, and they have a turban wound round the forage cap, with a curtain to protect the back of the head.

(d) FORDING A RIVER.—We give an example of this operation, which is frequently accompanied with much danger. From a pictorial point of view our engraving calls for some approbation.

The prejudice against Clive now became very strong.

"D—n it!" says Poppo, who in general was a good little fellow enough; "he ought to be shot, if only for having married an Indian."

But it was upon Phil Effingham, who happily had heard neither Poppo or Swellington criticise his old friend, that this information fell like a clap of thunder.

"Good heavens!" he thought, "it may be suggested that he has come here as a spy on the part of the Hindoos!"

For hours he lay tossing on his sharp, devising a plan to meet the difficulty.

The 23rd had passed away, and the 24th of June was some hours old—indeed dawn had broken—when a fellow who shared Phil's tent with him was awake by a loud shout.

"What the devil's the matter, Effingham?" asks this gentleman, bawling from the other side of the tent.

"Nothing."

"Well, then, you beggar you, go to sleep, and don't make any more row."

But there was something the matter.

For as Phil shouted, he had found a plan for saving Clive St. Maur's life.

(To be continued in our next.)

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